

## Envoi

Every day straggler word-bees fly up  
His nostrils to swarm in the cold bone-urn  
Of his skull; and all winter they settle

On the atomic flower of his brain  
Which radiates no light the hue of nectar,  
Dry and dyeless as a reef in a book.

So drinking of desolation they die  
With a shudder of wings on the bone-floor,  
And although their ashen remains swirl up

In a wind that is no wind of nature  
To serve him an apparition of spring,  
He's sly to the artifice in its art

And waits for a sudden trick of season  
That lures with light the vocal survivor  
To tropics that ignite beyond his skull.

And sighting a reef of nameless flowers  
It lands a name on all that namelessness,  
Sipping at alphabets, making honey.